

GIRL ACTRESS SHOT DEAD IN STREET AS SHE PRAYED.

Mamie Magavero Murdered by Antonio Tripoli, the Man Whom She Jilted.

My Very Dear Cousin: When you receive this I will have murdered Mamie Magavero. She is seventeen years old and lives at No. 10 Madison street. She is an actress. She was born, I believe, in Florence. I bid you good-by now. I enclose my photograph. I will be arrested after the murder and either be electrocuted or sent to prison for life. Your very devoted cousin, ANTONIO.

A beautiful young Italian actress, leaving the theatre after midnight in company with her mother and a male escort, was shot to death in the street by a jilted lover.

The murder was done in the heart of a great city. For a month Mamie Magavero had been "the rage" in the lower east side Italian quarter. Sixteen years of age, beautiful of form and feature, with eyes that glowed with the sunny temperament of her race, she had the hearts of the young bloods of the "quarter" at her feet.

Her father was her mother, herself an actress and a beautiful woman. The girl's most devoted admirer was Antonio Tripoli, whose mother keeps a popular cafe at Oak and Oliver streets. The girl admired him and encouraged him until she found he had no employment. Then she jilted him.

She had a premonition. Ever after she walked in the shadow of death. Sometimes the intuition came to her that the tragedy was near, and her laughter became hushed, her face blanched and terror took the place of the happy light in her eyes. At such times she would cry, but the mood would soon pass and she was gay again.

At the Villa Umberto, in No. 100 Mulberry street, where mother and daughter were playing, fate ordained that Mamie should be cast for a counterpart of the tragedy that was to come into her life. She was the coquette, and the pathos that underlay the play decreed that she should be slain by a jilted lover.

Tripoli took her from the foot-lights. Last night he sat in the front row, his eyes blazing with love turned to hate. The girl laughed and danced through her lighter scenes with a terrible premonition upon her.

The man left before the scene of murder was enacted, but the shadow of his presence remained upon the air.

She begged her mother to remain with her in the cafe after the performance. Not until Guilelmo Sorrento, a friend of the mother, offered to escort them home, and the girl picked up enough courage to venture in the street. She was laughing again.

But as they hurried along Grand street, the fearful air was in every shadow. A doorway a menace of death. Terror gripped her. The street was deserted, but her quick intuition told her she was followed.

"I hear his footsteps, mother," she whispered, hugging close for protection. "Nonsense, child, we are safe from him."

"Oh, I know he is coming. I feel it tonight. It will be just like the play. The girl was hysterical.

The trio turned into the darkness of narrow Bayard street. There was a shuffling of feet from a doorway. "He is here," said the mother. "Save me!" shrieked the girl, falling upon her knees.

Tripoli had sprung from the shadow of a tenement hallway and was facing the group with drawn revolver. "It will be just like the play," he said, quietly. At the same moment he shot. The girl fell forward, a bullet through her head.

The mother's frenzy. With a wild oath the mother threw herself upon the murderer. He thrust her aside. "I loved her and she fooled me!"



ANTONIO TRIPOLI.



MAMIE MAGAVERO.



Murdered Actress's Mother.

shouted Tripoli, now frenzied, "She must die!"

The Second Shot. And bending over the girl he shot once more. The bullet entered her spine and her groaning ceased.

You shall not kill her, waited the mother, throwing herself prone across the prostrate girl. It was all the work of an instant, the deadly doom that Sorrento had once now drawn his revolver to threaten the assassin. He was shot for his pains. The bullet went wild.

Twice more Tripoli cursed and sent his bullets at the group, at a hurried flight, empty revolver at hand and the dead girl lying on the sidewalk.

The shrieking, wailing Sorrento took up the chase. He followed Tripoli into the cafe of E. Bennett, at No. 31 Bayard street. Policemen Rogers joined him. The murderer knew well his refuge, and darting through a rear door he escaped.

Lanterns were brought and the police, much shaken by the tragedy, searched the quarter. In the basement of No. 79 Tripoli was found in a scabbard.

"If I speak English," said he, "I will speak Italian." Tripoli drew a shilling. He was knocked from his feet by a deadly blow.

Meanwhile the girl's body had been moved to the cafe, thence to the Morgue. At the Elizabeth street station the mother and the murderer were brought face to face. She sprang at him in frenzy, but was restrained by the police.

How They Met. This is a terrible end for my beautiful girl, said the mother, who speaks English well. We have been playing cards in New York only six weeks.



Murdered Actress's Mother.

son, Mamie. "He was a calf. I did not think he had the heart to murder."

He came on us like a sneak this morning and shot before we could interfere."

At No. 4 Madison street, O'Connor's Hotel, where the mother and her two daughters lived, little Julia was found today. She was wondering why her mother and Mamie had not returned. Told that Mamie had met with an accident—that Antonio Tripoli had struck her—the child clapped her hands and exclaimed: "What? That fat-headed Tony? He is a brute. One time Mamie screamed and asked us all: 'There was a man under my bed. Mamie and Guilelmo ran in and kicked him down stairs. They told me it was Tony. He was in love with Mamie, but she said he was poor like papa and she didn't want him around.'"

We came from Philadelphia. Papa lives there. We came away from him because he was so poor."

Anxiety of the Murderer. In the Court House Court today Judge O'Connor presided. Mamie Magavero's mother, who had been arrested for the murder, was in the courtroom. He is a dark, low-arched and exceedingly vain.

He would say nothing of the murder, but when artists were sketching him he told them that he and several phony gangsters at his home, No. 31 Bayard street, which they could have by going after them."

Mrs. Magavero stood beside him on the bridge, but her hysterical grief had passed away and she was remarkably calm.

"She got what was coming to her," said Tripoli, when he was led away to the prison. "I guess there is nothing to be had out of her and I don't care, either, now that she is dead."

The letter found on Tripoli, telling of his purpose to murder the girl, was addressed, but he said it was intended for a relative in Cairo, Egypt.

Murderer's Long Letter. Former Zulus, this afternoon made public the long, unsigned letter found on Tripoli. It read as follows:

I have the mother and parents of Mamie, because I have killed Mamie Magavero, who has been betrothed to me for eight months. I want to tell my friends my love for Mamie, and then they will see that I am right."

I fell in love with Mamie while she was visiting my family, and she told me she reciprocated my love. She asked me to marry, and I had to marry to go to the City Hall. Mamie's mother found out that she loved me and told her not to speak to me any more.

When we went to Trenton to play, six weeks ago, I left my eight-year-old girl, Julia, with my mother. She was a good girl, and she was very fond of me. I was a good father to her, and she was a good daughter to me.

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ROOSEVELT TO BE CZAR AND GAG THE SENATE.

Vice-President Meets All Expectations as Presiding Officer and Is to Be Given Autocratic Power at Hanna's Suggestion.

(Special to The Evening World.)

WASHINGTON, March 5.—Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt had his first tilt with a Senator today. It came one minute after the blind chaplain, Mr. Milburn, had completed the brief invocation. The new Vice-President, who had been generously applauded from the galleries when he came in at noon, rapped sharply twice on the desk.

"The Senate will come to order," said he, biting off the words sharply. "The journal of the previous day will be read."

The reading clerk began a nasal intonation of this perfunctory proceeding. "Mr. President," said Senator Money of Mississippi, "I move that the reading of the journal be dispensed with, and that my colleague, Senator-elect McLaughlin, be sworn in."

"I object," snapped Senator Morgan of Alabama.

Roosevelt's first tilt. "The clerk will proceed," said Mr. Roosevelt, in a high-keyed voice.

"That, Mr. President," urged Senator Money, insistently, "my motion is one of the highest privilege."

"It is my impression," retorted Mr. Roosevelt, leaning far over the desk toward the Democratic side and clutching the gavel in his right hand, "that when objection is made to the reading of the journal it cannot be dispensed with."

Then he rapped vigorously on the desk to indicate that the incident was closed, leaving Senator Money standing with his mouth open at this summary ruling.

Sensors on both the Democratic and Republican sides smiled and nudged one another.

Senator Money was temporarily discomfited, but five minutes later he renewed the motion and this time won his point so that honors were even between himself and the Vice-President.

Liked in Galleries. The Senate galleries were crowded with spectators who noted every action of the Vice-President and keenly enjoyed the debate over the first ruling of Vice-President Roosevelt.

Apparently the Senate is a body that agrees to try out its new presiding officer.

Immediately after the Money incident, Senator Platt, the angular member from Connecticut, gave public notice that he would tomorrow move to amend the Senate rules so that debate may be limited. Under the existing rules, which have been in force for a century, a member may talk until he is physically exhausted, whether that be one hour, one day or one week.

It was this rule which yesterday enabled Senator Tom Carter to talk the River and Harbor bill to death and to prevent its passage.

The Senate is the only body in the world that is ruled by a minority. In

taxes. All came upon him at once. He saw the clouds gathering around him.

When his wife bade him adieu yesterday morning she put her arms around his neck and said: "Do not be gloomy, George. You will come out right."

"I am afraid I will not. This is not a time of life to meet difficulties. I can see nothing but clouds ahead. Even the sky looks threatening."

Rose from Knees to Die. John Dietrich fell to his knees on the sidewalk at Central avenue and Hoesker street, Williamsburg, today. His lips seemed to move in prayer. Then his swallowed words came out. "Persons who had watched him from curiosity saw him rise to his feet, stagger to the gutter, and fall to the gutter."

Dietrich is twenty-seven years old and lives with a sister at No. 174 Central avenue. At St. Catherine's Hospital he is in a critical condition.

Found Her Mother Dead. Little Emma Worlman is today recovering from the shock she received when, late yesterday, she found her mother's body hanging from the transom in the bathroom. The child is under a physician's care.

The family lives in a hardstone house at No. 48 Lexington avenue. Mrs. Worlman had been in ill-health and it is supposed she killed herself while temporarily insane. She had recently returned from Florida.

Tried to Die in Park. Gerhardt Speilthal, a German waiter, of No. 227 East Fifty-eighth street, was arrested by Policeman Dickson late last night near the Aquarium in Battery Park while pointing a pistol at his head.

The waiter when captured said he was tired of life and meant to kill himself. He said he had turned over to a lawyer a bank book for \$200, to be transmitted to his aged mother in Germany.

Shot in a Cemetery. James Vove, a young Italian, of Patterson, attempted suicide late last night in the cemetery of the old Dutch Reformed Church, of Passaic. A passer-by heard the shot, rushed to the cemetery and found Vove bleeding and nearly unconscious. He was taken to St. Mary's Hospital. A letter in Italian found in his pocket was addressed to Gabriel Vove, of Patterson, his brother, stating that the contents of Rose Laffita, a girl whom he loved, had driven him to the deed.

Rich Farmer Suited. ETICA, March 5.—Chester Tuttle, a bachelor, seventy years old, who resided with his sister's family at Fly Creek, in Dutchess county, hanged himself early today in his barn. Tuttle owned two of the finest farms in the county. He had a farm in the West and a comfortable bank account.

BRITAIN ADDS TO FLEET. Two Battleships and a Cruiser Launched To-Day. LONDON, March 5.—Arrangements had been made for the simultaneous launching to-day of four new warships, the Montagu, first-class battleship of 14,000 tons; the Albemarle, first-class battleship of 14,000 tons; the Drake, armored cruiser of 14,000 tons; and the Kent, armored cruiser of 9,800 tons, at the four principal ports of the United Kingdom, but owing to the unfavorable weather at Portsmouth the launching of the Kent had to be postponed.

To Prevent the Grip. Lazine Brom-Quinine reduces the danger of the grip.

NEW MAIL TRAIN. Lehigh Valley Arranges for Service Into Pennsylvania. At the request of the United States Government, the Lehigh Valley Railroad has arranged to run a United States mail train, to leave New York, Cortlandt street, at 12:15 A. M., Jersey City 12:40 A. M., stopping at South Plainfield, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and White Haven, arriving at Wilkes-Barre, the end of the run, at 5:40 A. M. This train will afford a first-class mail service from New York to New Jersey and Pennsylvania points which has not heretofore been enjoyed. The train will also carry a day coach for the accommodation of such passengers as may want to use it.

STORY OF MRS. MURO SAVED FROM DEATH.

She Is Now Well, but Her Doctors Said She Would Die in a Week.

It was indeed a sad day in Hotel Muro just fourteen months ago when the family gathered around the bedside of Mrs. Muro, who was lying at her home at the point of death. The two sweet little baby boys closely clung to their dear mother's pillow as she lay there a great sufferer gasping for breath, the family doctor trying in vain to administer relief.

The heartbroken husband and father stood like a statue riveted to the spot, helpless to do anything.

He was told by the doctors that his wife would die and these babies would be motherless before the month ended. Every physician pronounced the case as hopeless. It had failed to improve at a consumption sanatorium in Liberty, N. Y.

The best medical men had given her up—in fact, every one around the splendid Hotel Muro, No. 114 W. 14th st., near 6th ave., N. Y. City, understood the sad story of Mrs. Muro's affliction.

Even the children, full of sorrow for their dear mother, would give their tears and sympathy, as if to do their part, until they would be gently carried away by their papa, and between their sobs they would sympathetically tell how sorry they felt for their poor suffering mamma.

For a long time Mrs. Muro had been a sufferer of Consumption. She spit blood in large quantities. The Board of Health examined her apartment and pronounced her case Consumption. Ten doctors failed to do her any good and each recommended a change of climate. They all gave credence, their best weapon for Consumption.

Her lungs pained her. She had exhausting night sweats. In fact she was now so low that she had to be carried whenever she went out, and when her severe coughing spells came on she gasped for breath and would seem so exhausted that it would seem certain that one more such attack would carry her away.

She was now reduced to a skeleton of her former self, and the guests of the hotel tell you how each week she sank lower and lower under the care of the best medical men in New York.

She heard of the Koch Lung Cure, of 48 W. 22d st. at the time, and Mr. Muro, her indulgent husband, said that he would gladly consent for her to try anything, yet he had no faith, but would not have it said, after her death, that he refused anything.

He carried her in his arms to the carriage, and as she was taken to the house at 48 W. 22d st. in this way, the guests at the house shook their heads and said it was useless, for, as the doctors said, she would not live a month longer, and they should let her die in peace.

But Mrs. Muro is a determined woman. Although she had fainted from weakness while being examined, she was accepted by these doctors as a special favor to please her. She had a chance of only one out of fifteen, but this small chance to live was better than no chance at all, and was better than to breathe those Koch tuberculese only vapors that heal the lungs. At first she only held her own, but she lived a week, and then two weeks, and on examination it was found that the lungs had begun to open up, and then the doctors themselves took courage. After that Mrs. Muro began to feel better; she could breathe better, and had gained thereby a little strength. From that time on she gained rapidly. She told her family that she thought the Koch Lung Cure doctors would actually cure her.

Her best friends, who returned to New York, called to hear the sad news from Mr. Muro of her death; but when told that after two months' treatment she was well enough to go around again, they said they would not believe it until they saw her, and were astonished to know that she still lived. In fact, every one who lived near the Hotel Muro, at No. 114 W. 14th st., will tell you of this wonderful cure. The doctors were astonished at her rapid improvement, and will prove the truth of her cure to any one who will call on her.

The above statement is correct. (Signed) MRS. A. MURO, 114 W. 14th St.

New Clearing-House Record. The aggregate balances of \$24,170,325 made a new record at the Clearing-House today, and the exchanges were exceptionally high. The highest previous day's balances were \$20,045,023 on Jan. 16 last.

A CRAVING. Nature Hints to Us of Food That Is Needed. It is interesting to know that food alone, if of the right kind, will surely cure most diseases.

A seriously ill lady in Corry, Pa., was seriously ill as the result of two serious falls, and from overwork, was an invalid for five years. She says: "It was impossible to gain strength. I had to lie down most of every afternoon whether I had company, work or leisure I wanted over so much to enjoy."

"Two months ago I began using Grape-Nuts Food and experienced a gain in strength at once. In less than a week I did not require more than an hour's rest, and now when I have eaten only a few of which Grape-Nuts forms the most part, I am not obliged to go to bed, but go to work or play instead. I am always hungry for Grape-Nuts, for they satisfy some craving I can scarcely define."

"A friend of mine is nursing a five-month-old baby. She is constantly fond of Grape-Nuts Food, but found it necessary to forego the luxury of the usual amount because it increased the flow of milk so much as to cause discomfort."

Name can be given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ladies' Gloves. Spring Importation of the

REYNER Kid Gloves.

All the newest styles and colorings for street and evening wear.

We are exclusive agents for this celebrated make of gloves.

Paris exhibit now being displayed in our corner window.

Lord & Taylor, Broadway & 20th St.

RAMAPO BILL HELD UP BY THE LOBBY.

Slater Measure Stopped in Assembly and Sent to the Cities Committee.

(Special to The Evening World.)

ALBANY, March 5.—The Slater anti-Ramapo bill, providing for the unconditional repeal of the law of 1895 conferring extraordinary powers on the big water monopoly, now backed of that passage in the Assembly to-day by the objection of Assemblymen Otto Kelsey, Chairman of the Cities Committee, which has so long held up the Morgan anti-Ramapo measure.

The Slater bill was formally "thrust down" by Speaker Nixon, with the usual announcement that the measure had passed the Senate and was submitted to the House for concurrence.

Assemblyman Morgan, who has been on the alert since last Thursday for the arrival of the bill, immediately moved that it have its second reading. This was agreed to without objection. Then Mr. Morgan moved the final passage of the bill. This showed where the objection to anti-Ramapo legislation has been.

Assemblyman Kelsey, of the Cities Committee, at once objected to further consideration of the bill and as a consequence it was postponed.

NICARAGUA CANAL TREATY IS DEAD.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The Hay-Panama treaty, intended to replace the Clayton-Bulwer agreement as it relates to the construction of isthmian waterways, died at noon yesterday. The last clause of the treaty allowed only the period of time up to March 1 for its ratification.

Neither the Government of the United States nor of Great Britain appears to have made any formal effort to extend that period.

The ratification of the treaty by the United States would have been a great step toward the completion of the canal, but the British Government either has not decided to ratify it, or is preparing a communication to the United States Government based upon that period.

Through the treaty, a dead from the point of international law, it may still serve a purpose. It is understood here that the British Government either has not decided to ratify it, or is preparing a communication to the United States Government based upon that period.

The Senate confirmed all the nominations.

Charles Schmandt Succeeds to Heart Disease in His Office. Charles Schmandt, who had been manager of the Mollenhauer Sugar Refinery, Williamsburg, even once that insurance has been in existence, died in his office at No. 72 South Third street of heart disease this morning.

He was sixty-five years old and had been ill a long time.

REFINERY MANAGER DIES.

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M'KINLEY NAMES HIS CABINET.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The President to-day sent the following nominations to the Senate:

John Hay, of the District of Columbia, to be Secretary of State; Lyman J. Gage, of Illinois, Secretary of the Treasury; Ethel Root, of New York, Secretary of War; John W. Griggs, of New Jersey,

to be Secretary of the Interior.